


JUMBO COMICS



Sheena,
Jungle Queen in
"SPOOR OF THE SABRE-
HORN TIGER"
— also —
The HAWK-GHOST GALLERY
AND MANY OTHERS —



No. 91
SEPT.
10¢

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OF THE
"FOUR HORNS"
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The BIG OF THE COMICS!

EACH ONE A WINNER...
JAM-PACKED WITH
FAST ACTION AND
DRAMATIC ADVENTURE!



ON SALE-25TH



ON SALE-25TH



ON SALE-1ST

Why
Guess?
Get the
best!



ON SALE-1ST



ON SALE-5TH



ON SALE-10TH

LOOK FOR THE
BULL'S-EYE!



A
FICTION
HOUSE
MAGAZINE

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NEXT ISSUE OF JUMBO COMICS (No. 92, OCT.) ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTAND SEPT. 1st.

SHEENA

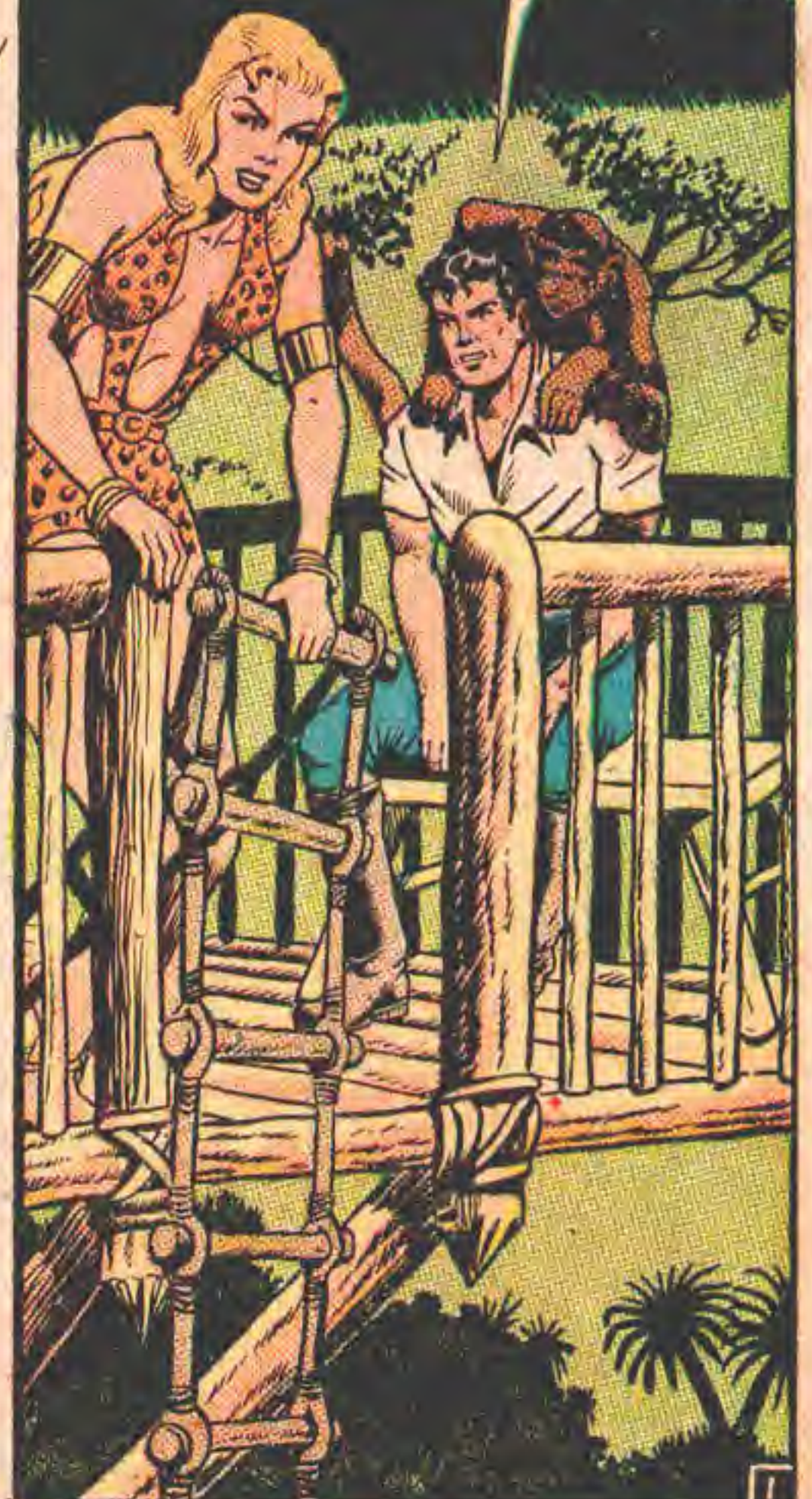
Queen of the Jungle

BY W. MORGAN THOMAS

THE ANCIENTS HAD PLANNED WELL TO GUARD THEIR TREASURE... FOR ONLY WHEN A CERTAIN OFFERING BE BROUGHT WOULD THE TREASURE DOORS BE OPENED. AND, WISELY, THEY HAD NAMED TRIBUTE THAT COULD NOT BE... OR **COULD IT?**

COME, BOB, WE MUST LEAVE FOR THE T'GANA VILLAGE. IT IS TIME FOR US TO BRING OUR OFFERING TO THEIR IDOL.

BUT WHAT'S THIS LEGEND ABOUT THE IDOL? ISN'T THE KEY TO THE TREASURE TEMPLE SUPPOSED TO BE TURNED OVER IF THE PROPER TRIBUTE IS OFFERED?



YES, BUT IT IS SOMETHING THAT CAN NEVER COME TO PASS, BOB. AN ANTELOPE WITH THE STRIPES OF A TIGER.

ENOUGH. I'M REALLY LOOKING FORWARD TO SEEING YOU IN THE VILLAGE CONTESTS.

THEN LET US BE OFF... HARK! THE SOUND OF A THUNDERSTICK... AND THAT FRIGHTENED, TUSKED ONE! COME!

NEARBY...

HURRY, YOU FOOLS! MAKE YOUR DOGS DRIVE THAT BEAST INTO TH' GORGE, BUT IF ANY MUTT SO MUCH AS SCRATCHES HIM, I'LL GIVE 'IM A SLUG IN HIS BELLY FOR HIS TROUBLE!

EASY, NEVINS, GIVE 'EM A CHANCE!



WAH! HE IS OURS! BWANA NEVINS BE SO MUCH PLEASED.

IF OUR DOGS DO NOT HURT HIM! DOWN, CURS, DOWN!

WING TRUE, VINE, MISS NOT THE WHITE CREATURE!



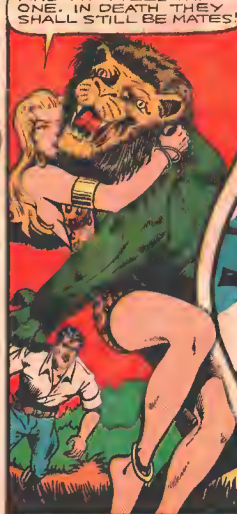
MINUTES LATER...

THAT'S HALF THE BATTLE, SHORTY... NOW TO CASH IN ON IT. THERE'S A MILLION BUCKEROOS IN THIS FOR US, IF WE PLAY OUR CARDS RIGHT.

DON'T BE A PIKER, NEVINS. MEBBE TWO MILLION!

BUT MEN ARE NOT THE ONLY GREEDY CREATURES IN THE JUNGLE....





WHY...ER... SOME ZOO BACK IN THE STATES IS PAYIN' HIGH PRICES FOR 'EM.

YEAH, THAT'S IT, THE ZOO, SHORTY'S TELLIN' YUH THE TRUTH.

WELL, WE GO ON NOW TO THE 'GANA VILLAGE. COME, BOB.

SO WILL WE, BLONDIE. WE'LL BE THERE WITH BELLS ON, AND SO WILL OUR PAL, GORO, THE WITCH DOCTOR.

LATER, AT THE VILLAGE...

THESE ARE NOT THE WHITE ONES GORO WISHES TO SEE, EVEN SO, SHEENA SHALL NOT SPOIL THE PLAN OF BWANA NEVINS!

WELCOME, SHEENA. YOU COME AT THE MOMENT OF THE CONTESTS MY FRIENDS.

DO IN THE MANNER OF THE FIRST THROWER, O SHEENA.

HO! THE GOURD IS TOO LARGE. I CHOOSE AS MY TARGET THE VINE ITSELF!

MY BLADE WINGS TRUE!

WAH! THERE IS NO ONE HER RIVAL!

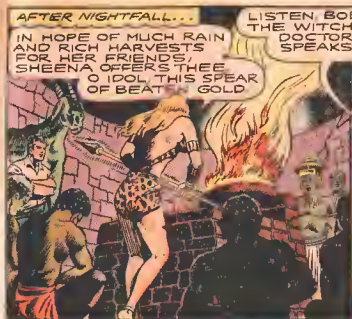
WELL DONE, FRIEND SHEENA. NOW... WILL YOU FARE AS WELL IN THE ARENA?

I WILL, MOSONGO START THE JOUSTING GAME. IT WILL BE OVER...

THUS! MORE QUICKLY THAN BEGUN!

TRULY THE GOLDEN-HAIRED ONE IS A MASTER OF ALL CONTESTS.





AFTER NIGHTFALL...

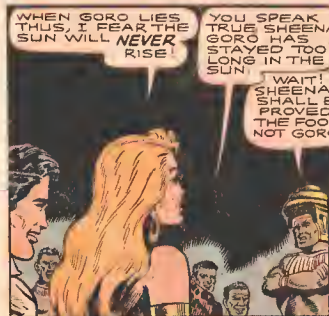
IN HOPE OF MUCH RAIN
AND RICH HARVESTS
FOR HER FRIENDS,
SHEENA OFFERS THEE
O IDOL THIS SPEAR
OF BEAT GOLD

LISTEN BOB...
THE WITCH
DOCTOR
SPEAKS



WAH! I, GORO, SHALL BRING A
FAR GREATER GIFT... THE
ANTELOPE WITH THE STRIPES
OF A TIGER...

YOU SHALL
SEE IT
WHEN
THE SUN
RISES.



WHEN GORO LIES
THUS, I FEAR THE
SUN WILL **NEVER**
RISE!

YOU SPEAK
TRUE SHEENA
GORO HAS
STAYED TOO
LONG IN THE
SUN

WAIT!
SHEENA
SHALL BE
PROVED
THE FOOL,
NOT GORO.

SHEENA,
THE WITCH
DOCTOR
LEAVES.

COME, I
THINK IT
BEST WE
FOLLOW.



SOON...

GORO GOES
TO THE WHITE
MEN, BOB... BUT
I CANNOT SEE
WHAT THEY ARE
DOING... WE
MUST GET
CLOSER...



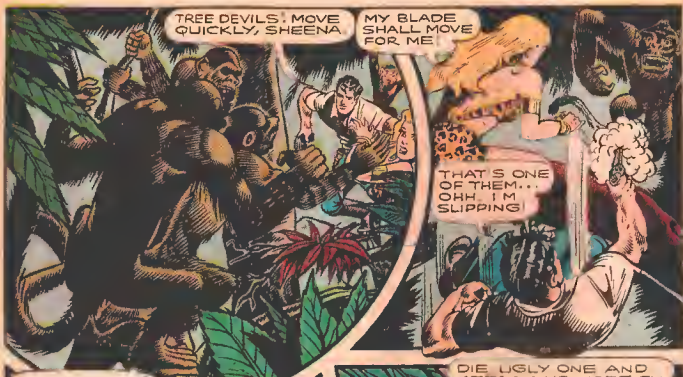
THE MOMENT
NEARS BWANA
NEVINS... YOU
BEGIN SOON?

WE'LL BE
READY
ALL RIGHT.

TAKE YOUR
TIME, GORO.
THOSE TIGER
STRIPES HAVE
GOT TO LOOK
REAL.



CHIM, WHY ARE YOU...
WHAT! SHEENA, LOOK
BEHIND YOU!



TREE DEVILS. MOVE QUICKLY, SHEENA

MY BLADE SHALL MOVE FOR ME

THAT'S ONE OF THEM...
OHH I'M SLIPPING



WHAT'S THAT A MAN. GORO, YOU FOOL. YOU'VE BEEN FOLLOWED.

THE MATE OF SHEENA!



DIE UGLY ONE AND ATTACK NO MORE BY NIGHT... OR DAY. BOB



SHEENA SWINGS ACROSS THE STREAM. THE MOONLIGHT MAKES OF HER A TARGET.

CAN'T LET HER GET AWAY. DO YOUR STUFF, SHORTY.



THE THUNDER-STICK HAS DAZED ME. I CANNOT HOLD...

OHH!



THERE SHE GOES, NEVINS. SEE, SHE'S NOT SWIMMING. THE STREAM'LL FINISH HER OFF FOR US.

NOW TO GIVE HER MATE THE SAME POSE.

WAIT! THERE IS ANOTHER WAY. FOR SCOFFING AT GORO, THIS ONE WILL NOT HAVE SUCH AN EASY DEATH.

LATER...AS DAWN BREAKS...

THE ACTIONS OF GORO ARE STRANGE INDEED. AND I LIKE THEM NOT. WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO THE MATE OF SHEENA? HEAR ME.



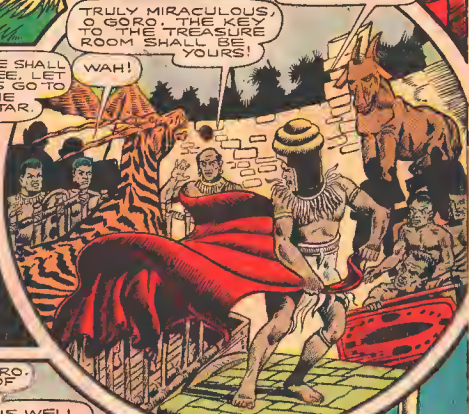
MY OFFERING IS...THE ANTELOPE WITH THE STRIPES OF A TIGER! FEAST YOUR EYES!

TRULY MIRACULOUS, O GORO. THE KEY TO THE TREASURE ROOM SHALL BE YOURS!

THIS LAWLESS ONE ATTACKED TO ROB ME. BUT THE WHITE HUNTERS GUARDED WELL THE OFFERING I BRING.

WE SHALL SEE, LET US GO TO THE ALTAR.

WAH!



HERE IS THE KEY, GORO. THE VAST WEALTH OF THE IDOL BECOMES YOUR HERITAGE.

IT IS WELL. BUT WAIT... BROTHERS, TAKE THE MATE OF SHEENA TO THE ARENA. AND BRING FORTH OUR CATS!

THRUST HIM FORWARD! SHEENA DIED A MERCIFUL DEATH... BUT NOT SO HER MATE



BUT, HAD SHEENA DIED?

MY LIMBS GROW WEARY... BUT I MUST STROKE FOR THE SHORE!



THE PRECIOUS EARTH IS UNDER MY FEET AT LAST... BUT WHAT OF BOB?



THAT NOISE... HO, THE HORNED ONE ATTACKS! AND I HAVE NOT THE STRENGTH TO ESCAPE HIS DEATH CHARGE



BUT SUDDENLY, FROM ABOVE

CHEE-CHEE!



CHIM! SHEENA SHALL SWING TO THE TREES WHILE CHIM DISTRACTS THE HORNED ONE.



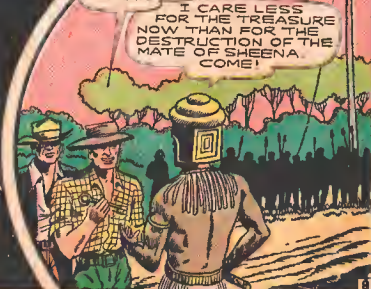
AS AHEAD...

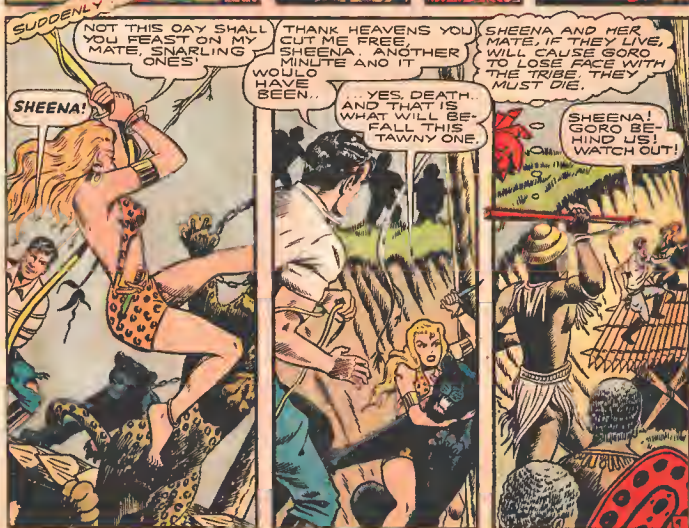
SAFE, THANKS TO YOU, CHIM, AND NOW WE MUST SPEED TO THE VILLAGE AND TO... BOB.



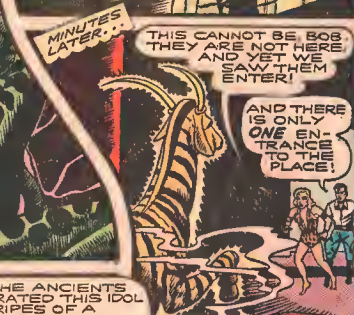
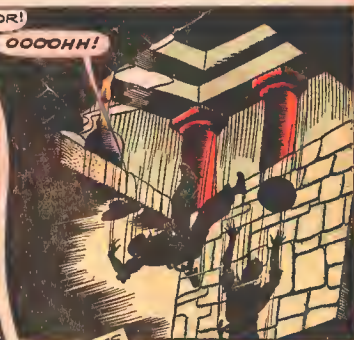
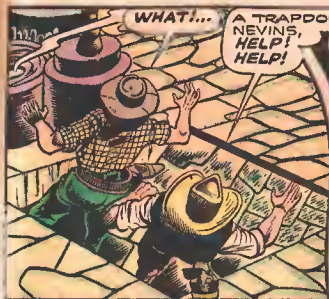
THE KEY IN MY HANDS AT LAST! THANKS, GORO... YOU'LL GET YOUR CUT TOO, DON'T WORRY.

I CARE LESS FOR THE TREASURE NOW THAN FOR THE DESTRUCTION OF THE MATE OF SHEENA. COME!

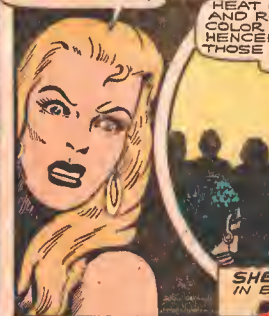








HOLD, BOB. THE ANCIENTS WHO CONSECRATED THIS IDOL WITH THE STRIPES OF A TIGER HAVE PLANNED WELL. SURELY NO ONE COULD BRING SUCH AN OFFERING AND THOSE WHO CLAIM TO DO SO SPEAK FALSELY. LET US LEAVE.



THE WHITE HUNTERS HAVE PAID THE PENALTY FOR DEFILING YOUR IDOL. ALREADY HAS THE HEAT OF THE SUN MELTED AND REVEALED THE TRUE COLOR OF THE ANTELOPE... HENCEFORTH BE WARY OF THOSE WHO WOULD DUPE YOU.



SHEENA, JUNGLE QUEEN, IN EVERY ISSUE OF **JUMBO** Comics!

The Hawk

BY WILLIS RENSIE

EACH WAVE WHISPERED A TALE OF TERROR! A KILLER WAS LOOSE — RULING THE SEAS WITH THIS BLOOD-FLECKED WHIP! COULD EVEN THE HAWK STAND AGAINST THIS RELENTLESS HOUND OF HORROR?

SLOWLY A SHIP OF THE CROWN PULLS ALONGSIDE THE RAVAGED HULK OF THE SILVER PORPOISE

NARY A SIGN O' LIFE ABOARD 'ER!

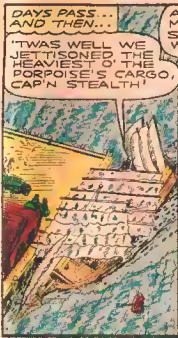
LOOK!

HER MASTER CAPTAIN BRIGGS DEAD

DID YE LOOK AT IS BACK SIR?

AYE THE LASH HAS STRUCK AGAIN





DAYS PASS...
AND THEN...

'T'WAS WELL WE
JETTISONED THE
HEAVIEST O' THE
PORPOISE'S CARGO,
CAP'N STEALTH!

AYE, MATE! 'TWOULD LOOK A
MITE SUSPICIOUS 'US COMIN' IN
SAFE, AND SUNK LOW AT THE
WATERLINE...



BRIGGS' JEWELS
AND SILK WILL
BRING A FAT
PRICE...

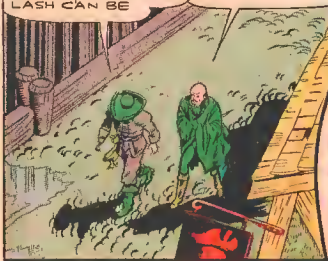
TRUE... THE
VOYAGE WAS
'WORTH OUR
WHILE!

D'YE RECKON
THEY'VE
'HEARD WHAT
HAPPENED
TO THE SILVER
PORPOISE YET,
SIR?

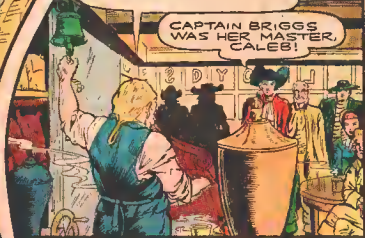


'TIS LIKELY, MATE!
COME ALONG TO
LLOYDS AND WE'LL
JOIN THE MOURNERS
WONDERIN' WHO THE
LASH CAN BE

AYE, SIR, AND TEARS
SHED FOR BRIGGS
WILL WASH 'IS
BLOOD OFF O'
OUR BOOTS, EH?



THEN, IN LLOYDS
OF LONDON...
ATTENTION, GENTLEMEN!
THE SILVER PORPOISE OUT
O' PORTSMOUTH 'AS BEEN
PLUNDERED BY THE LASH.
ER MASTER'S BODY WAS
FOUND... 'IS BACK RIPPED
OPEN BY A CAT O' NINE!



CAPTAIN BRIGGS
WAS HER MASTER,
CALEB!

'EAR ME OUT, GENTLEMEN!
'ER CREW 'AD WITHOUT
DOUBT BEEN FLUNG
INTO THE SEA!



'T GRIEVES
ME SORELY
TO HEAR
O' THIS

MANY'S THE
TIME WE
SAILED
WITH
BRIGGS!

AYE, CAP'N HAWK!
I'D GIVE ME RIGHT
EYE TO LAY HANDS
ON THE LASH... OR
KNOW WHO 'E IS!





EH?
WOT?

STEP ASIDE, OLO
ONE! DON'T STANO
THERE BLOCKIN'
THE PATH AND
SNIVELIN'
ALL DAY!



CURSE YE, STEALTH! YE
JUST CAME INTO PORT! OW
COME 'T WASN'T YER BACK
RIPPED OPEN 'STEAD O'
BRIGGS?



STOW IT,
CALEB!
'TIS NOT
THE TIME
NOR
PLACE...

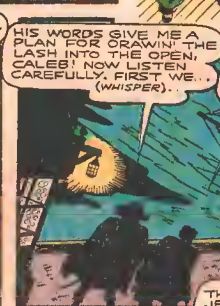


IS 'E INSINU-
ATIN' I'M IN
CAHOOTS WITH
THE LASH, CAP'N
HAWK?

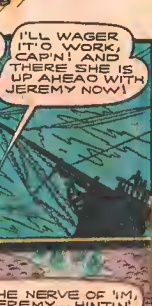


MY MATE
DID NOT
MEAN
THAT
STEALTH!

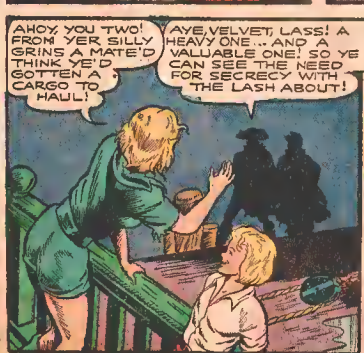
YE SHOULD BOTH KNOW
THE LASH ATTACKS ONLY
SHIPS HAULIN' SUCH
HEAVY CARGO THEY
CANNOT MANEUVER
AWAY FROM 'IS GUNS!



HIS WORDS GIVE ME A
PLAN FOR DRAWIN' THE
LASH INTO THE OPEN,
CALEB! NOW LISTEN
CAREFULLY. FIRST WE...
(WHISPER)...

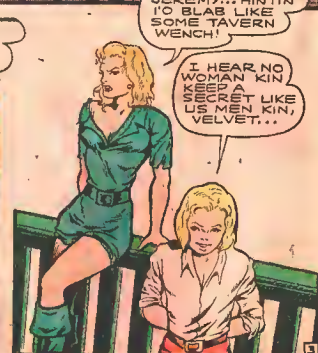


I'LL WAGER
IT'O WORK,
CAP'N! AND
THERE SHE IS
UP AHEAD WITH
JEREMY NOW!



AHOY, YOU TWO!
FROM YER SILLY
GRINS A MATE'D
THINK YE'D
GOTTEN A
CARGO TO
HAUL!

AYE, VELVET, LASS! A
HEAVY ONE... AND A
VALUABLE ONE! SO YE
CAN SEE THE NEED
FOR SECRECY WITH
THE LASH ABOUT!



THE NERVE OF 'M,
JEREMY... HINTIN'
I'O BLAB LIKE
SOME TAVERN
WENCH!

I HEAR NO
WOMAN KIN
KEEP A
SECRET LIKE
US MEN KIN,
VELVET...

DAYS PASS, AS...

DID YE 'EAR? CAP'N 'AWK'S 'AULIN' A CARGO!

A VERY VALUABLE ONE THEY TELLS ME!

A HEAVY ONE, THEY SAY!

WE'LL BE A-PUTTIN' TO SEA, MATE! HAWK'S LADY SCARLETT WILL BE OUR PREY!

AYE, SIR! THE 'OLE TOWN'S BUZZIN' ABOUT THIS RICH CARGO OF HIS!

AND, AT SEA...

WHAT'S THIS CARGO THAT'S GOT US SUNK SO LOW, CAP'N HAWK? 'T WAS A FOOL'S ERRAND YE SENT ME ON, WHILE YE WERE LOADIN'.

I'LL TELL YE, VELVET...

'TIS SOLID GOLD! THE PRICE OF AN EMPIRE, LASS!

WHAT!?! SOLID GOLD YE SAY!?

YE RECKON SHE SERVED OUR PURPOSE, CAP'N?

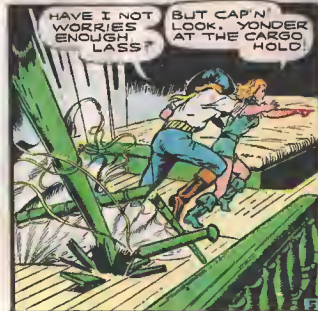
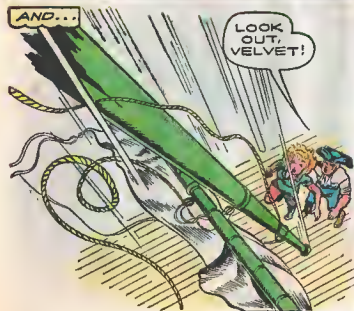
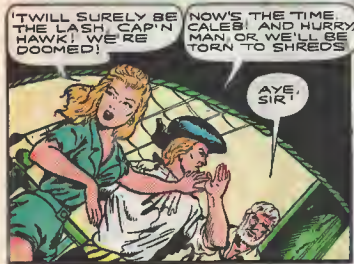
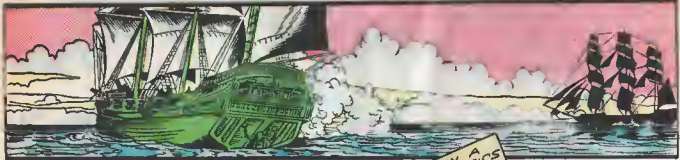
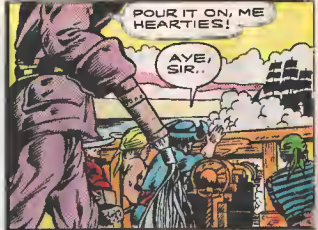
AYE, CALEB! ANY WOMAN WOULD HAVE DONE AS WELL...

THROUGH A TELESCOPE THE LADY SCARLETT IS REVEALED SUNK LOW BY HER HEAVY CARGO

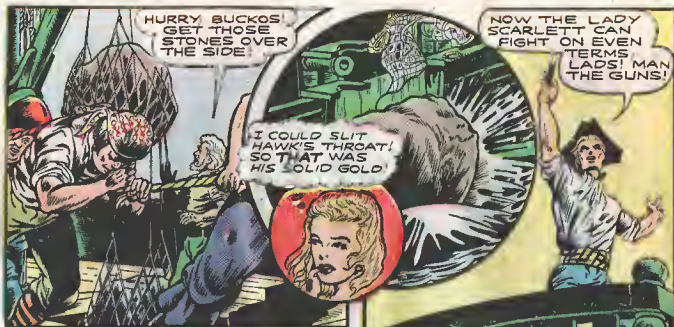
AT THAT MOMENT...

SAIL HO!

JUMBO COMICS



JUMBO COMICS



FOR MOMENTS THAT SEEM HOURS THE BATTLE RAGES. THEN SLOWLY, THE LADY SCARLETT DRAWS AHEAD OF THE PIRATE CRAFT...



WE'VE BEEN TRICKED, CAP'N! AND THEY'LL BE BOARDIN' US... 'STEAD O' US BOARDIN' THEM!

LET 'EM COME! THE SCURVY BARNACLES MAY BE IN FOR A SURPRISE YET!

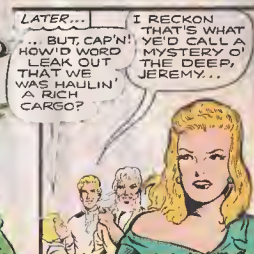
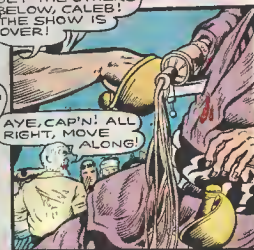
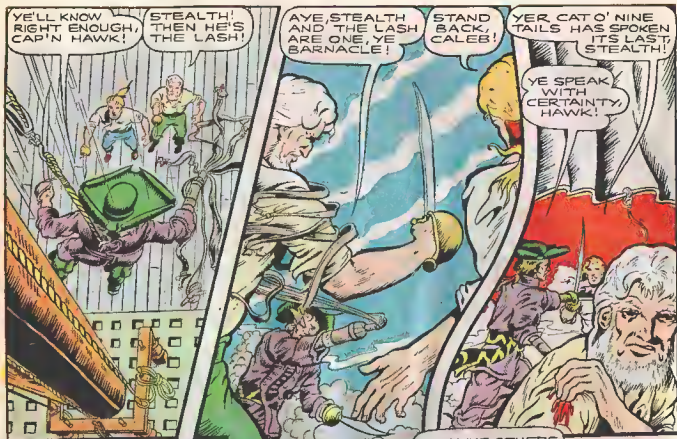


CALEB! HOW IN THE NAME O' THUNDER WILL WE KNOW WHO THE LASH REALLY IS?

AYE, SIR, 'TIS A PROBLEM WE HADN'T THOUGHT ON!



JUMBO COMICS



THE HAWK APPEARS IN EVERY ISSUE OF **JUMBO** Comic!

ZX-5

BY
MAJOR
THORPE



THAT'S THE MAN I SAW LEAVING THE SCENE THE NIGHT JOHN MITCHELL WAS MURDERED!

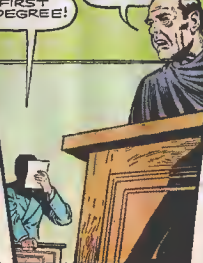
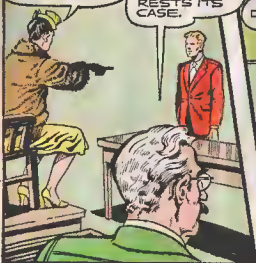
THAT'S THE THIRD WITNESS TO IDENTIFY HIM! THE PROSECUTION RESTS ITS CASE.

THE JURY FINDS JERRY SMITH GUILTY OF MURDER IN THE FIRST DEGREE!

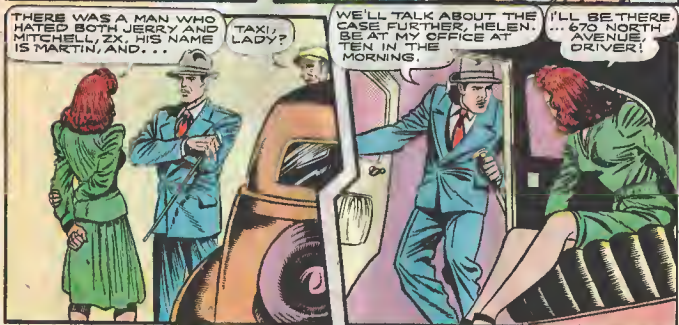
THE COURT SENTENCES HIM TO BE HANGED BY THE NECK UNTIL...

COME ALONG, BUDDY!

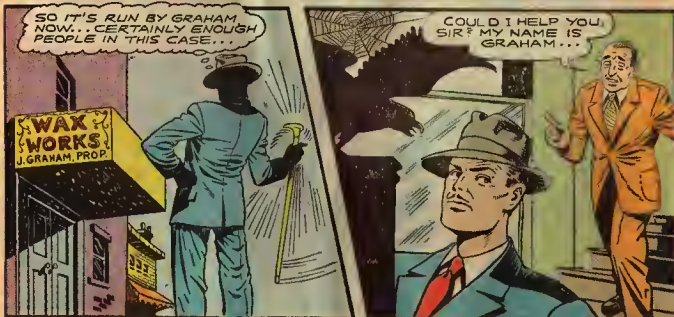
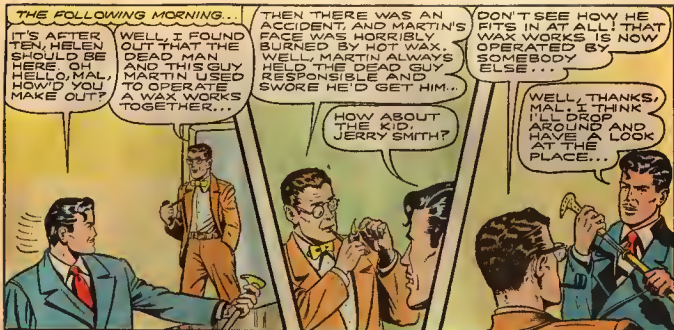
NO, NO! HE DIDN'T DO IT!



JUMBO COMICS

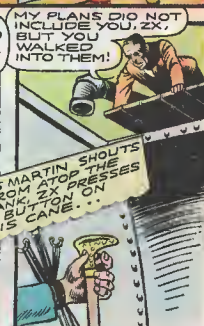


JUMBO COMICS

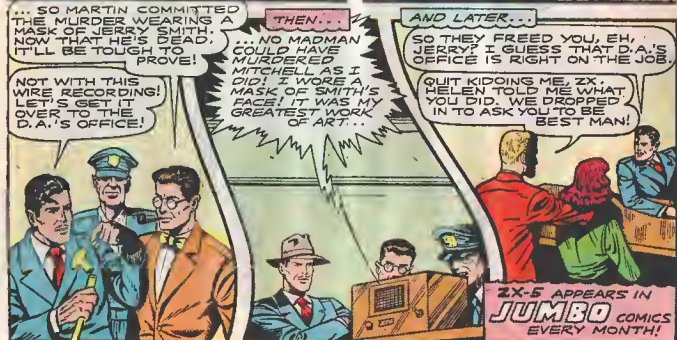
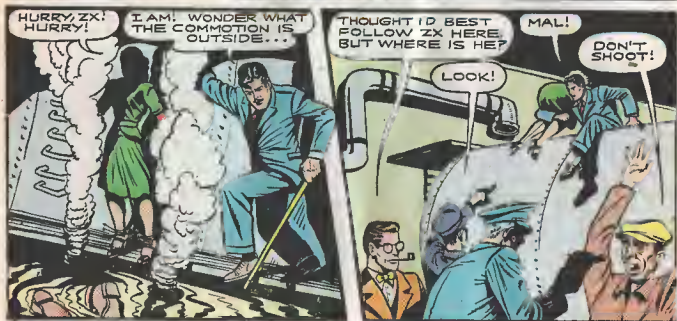




JUMBO COMICS



JUMBO COMICS



SHEENA AND THE CLIFF DEVILS

By W. MORGAN THOMAS

SHEENA had been gone for several hours now, to confer with a party of white hunters who wished permission to cross her territory, and little Chim had begun to get restless. He crossed the tree hut to where Bob sat fashioning a bowl from a sweet smelling chunk of pine log, and pawed at the man's knee with a brown paw.

Bob smiled at the little chimpanzee. "Hah, small one! You want to leave the tree hut and go into the jungle, is that it? Well, wait until I have finished my carving and perhaps we'll go for a little jaunt. Perhaps we may even go to the cliffs . . ."

It was the carved faces, though, that most interested Bob, the faces etched long ago into the side of the cliffs by the tools of some strange and forgotten tribe. They were huge faces, stretching a hundred feet from ear to ear, and something about their grinning stone mouths bespoke of the evil they might reveal if they could talk.

Sheena never spoke of the cliffs, nor of the faces there, and she had forbidden Bob to even go near the place. He did not think, however, that she would be angry if he satisfied his curiosity just this once. Sheena was Queen of the jungle, and her rule was not disputed, but he knew that she was just and fair in all things. Quickly and skillfully he sent his knife skimming around the lump of pine wood. He would finish the bowl, then he and Chim would have a look at the cliffs. Just one quick, harmless look before Sheena returned.

"Chi—chi—" It was Chim again, poking at Bob's knee. Possibly, had he known Bob's thoughts, he would not have been so anxious to get started. Chim would have dared not disobey Sheena, but in her absence he trusted Bob completely.

Less than an hour later, Bob, with Chim perched on his shoulder, stood on a rocky abutment and peered up in amazement at the stone faces. There they brooded, worn by

centuries of wind and water, grinning through all the years as though they knew some joke which was not intended for the ears of ordinary mortals.

"O-o-h-h Bob. Up here. Look up here!"

It was Sheena's voice!

They could see nothing. Still the voice came again, and without doubt it was the voice of Sheena.

"Up here, Bob. Inside the ear of the great grinning face. Come up, Bob. I need your help. Hurry!"

"Chi—chi—chi—" Chim was puzzled and beginning to get frightened. He clung with both arms to Bob's neck. It was not like Sheena to play such jests on her friend and mate.

"Hold on tight, Chim." Bob pressed against the rough face of the cliff, seeking for a hold by which he might begin the upward climb. Sheena had said she needed his help, and had commanded him to hurry. That was enough. Explanations could wait until later.

"Hurry, Bob, Hurry! I'm in trouble. Hurry!"

Sweat crawled on Bob's brow as he wriggle skyward, seeking desperately with his toes for a tiny ledge which would sustain him and the chimpanzee. Once he glanced down, only to experience a sickening sensation in his stomach at the sight of the canyon floor hundreds of feet below.

Then he was sliding over the smooth lobe of the stone ear. The dark passageway was just ahead and from it there came a musty, fetid smell of corruption and great age.

"In here, Bob." It was Sheena's voice again, speaking softly and from very close by. With Chim holding tightly to him, Bob stepped through the crude opening into a passageway behind the stone ear. It happened then.

Something soft and thick fell over his head, blinding and suffocating him. It seemed to be the skin of some kind of an animal. At the

JUMBO COMICS

same instant a voice laughed cruelly and said, "Tie him up, my people. We have Sheena's mate—and soon now we shall have Sheena!"

Rough hands picked up Bob and Chim and carried them what seemed an interminable distance. When the skin was removed from his head and face he saw that he was on a ledge looking down into the canyon far below. The ledge was one of the eyebrows of the great stone face. And facing Bob, with a group of stalwart warriors behind her, was a lithe, black skinned woman. Her eyes were narrow and cruel and she wore the feathered coat and skirts of a witch doctor.

"I am Malbessa!" She spoke in a high, arrogant tone. White teeth flashed in her dark face. "I rule the cliff people, and the devils in the cliffs obey me. Too long now has Sheena been ruler of the jungle, and I, Malbessa, have sworn to kill her. And you too, fool, when you have served your purpose!"

"B-but Sheena?" stammered Bob. "I heard her. She called me!"

Malbessa laughed. She raised her voice in a call. "O-o-h-h Bob. Up here!"

Bob stared. The voice was Sheena's, but it came from the black woman's throat.

Malbessa whirled on the warriors. "Tie this one up, quickly, and lower him over the ledge. Sheena shall see how I deal with those I do not like."

Bob was bound hand and foot, and with Chim still clinging dolefully to him, was lowered over the ledge by a rope slung beneath his armpits. In a second he was dangling, like a human pendulum, against the stone face and high above the canyon floor. Malbessa looked down at him and laughed cruelly. She put the edge of a knife against the rope. "When Sheena comes we shall show her that Malbessa is merciless. She shall watch you be dashed to pieces on the rocks below!"

But Bob, already racked by pain as the rope cut into him, said nothing. He was watching the cliff above the leering Malbessa, where Sheena was descending by means of her grass rope. Bob prayed that Malbessa would not look up. Sheena was only fifty feet above the black woman now, but suspended

in midair she would be helpless. And those warriors had bows and arrows as well as spears. Bob tried to hold Malbessa's attention, so she would not glance overhead.

"Sheena will slay you! Sheena is a Queen and she will drive you and your people from the cliffs and the jungle. You will all die!" So he taunted her, laughing, to give Sheena time.

Malbessa, however, had seen his glance. She craned her head upward and hissed a command. "Sheena! Quickly—slay her with your arrows. Hurry, fools."

"Ayieeeeeee!" The cry, shrill with rage and defiance, rang and echoed from the cliffs, and Sheena let go her hold on the grass rope and plunged straight downward for the ledge. Bob gasped. If she missed . . .

Sheena did not miss. Like a tawny skinned cat she came down among the surprised throng. She screamed again and her knife flashed in the sunlight. Warriors turned and fled and Sheena was locked in combat with Malbessa. They fell and rolled to the very edge of the stone platform, writhing and straining to plunge their knives into each other. Once Malbessa was atop of Sheena, her knife stabbing downward, and Bob turned his glance. If Sheena were to die . . .

Then came the scream. He looked just in time to see Sheena, in one mighty convulsive effort, hurl Malbessa out into space. The black woman, her face contorted in terror, screamed as she passed the dangling Bob on her way toward the stones below and death.

Sheena did not speak until they were all back in the tree hut. Bob and Chim waited for the flood of her anger, but when she smiled they sighed with relief. Not this time would she give them a tongue lashing.

Her voice was gentle. "You disobeyed Sheena—and evil came. Had I not returned sooner than expected, and followed your spoor, you would have died. Perhaps even Sheena would have died. But in jungle law it is written that all mortals make mistakes, and that they learn from them so they may attain wisdom. And wisdom, Bob, is that in the jungle it is Sheena who knows best."

"Chi—chi—," said little Chim, as though he had known that all along.

SKY GIRL

BY
BILL
GIBSON

INTERNATIONAL AIRLINES HAS DECIDED UPON A BEAUTY CONTEST TO SELECT MISS SKYWAYS. FIRST PRIZE: ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS AND A DATE WITH THE FAMOUS MOVIE STAR, GERALD MUCHMAN. SO...

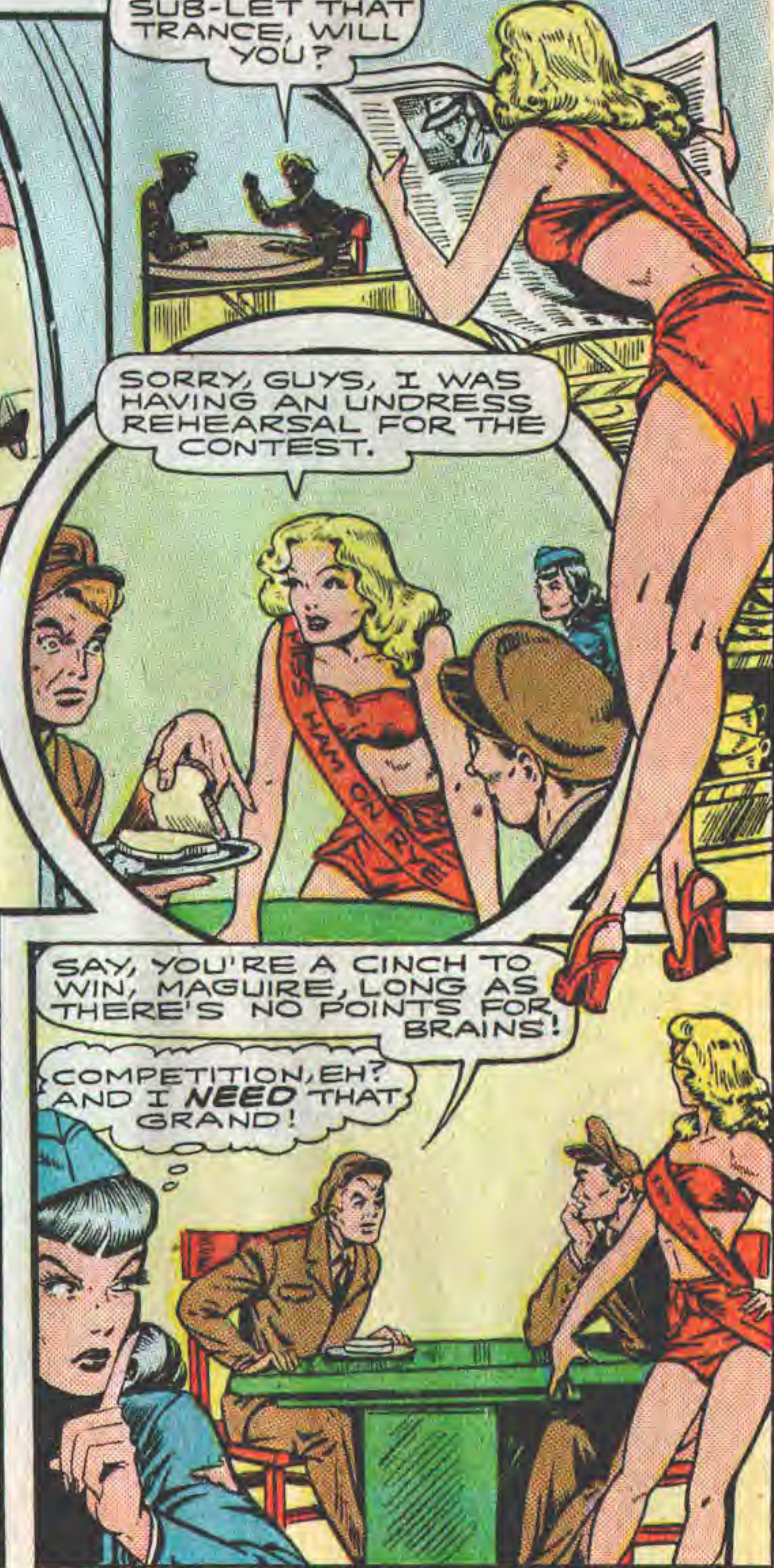
GOSH, WOULD I LIKE SOME SOFA SOLO TIME WITH HIM! I JUST **HAVE** TO WIN!

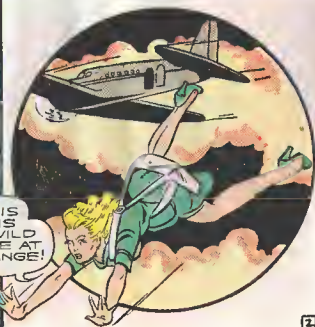
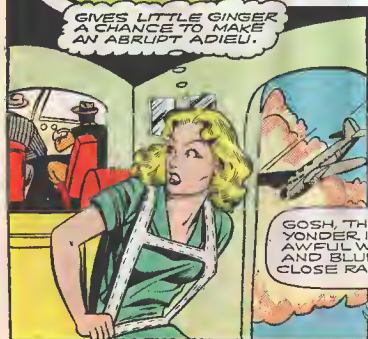
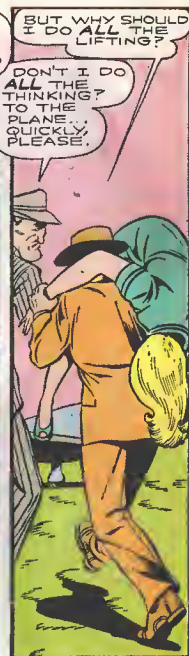
HEY, MAGUIRE! SUB-LET THAT TRANCE, WILL YOU?

SORRY, GUYS, I WAS HAVING AN UNDRESS REHEARSAL FOR THE CONTEST.

SAY, YOU'RE A CINCH TO WIN, MAGUIRE, LONG AS THERE'S NO POINTS FOR BRAINS!

COMPETITION, EH? AND I **NEED** THAT GRAND!







AND I SEEM TO BE MAKING RAPID PROGRESS. TOO DARN RAPID!



THE RIP-CORD, OF COURSE. THAT'S ALMOST AS SILLY AS FORGETTING TO PAINT YOUR FINGERNAILS.



THIS IS ONE WAY OF LOOKING AT THINGS, BUT... SAY, WHAT'S THAT RUSTLING?



SUDDENLY...

OOH-OH... SOMETHING TELLS ME YOUR BITE IS WORSE THAN YOUR BARK!



SCRAM, BRUIN! I'VE BEEN HUGGED BY EXPERTS. AH! THERE'S A LIGHT IN THAT CABIN.

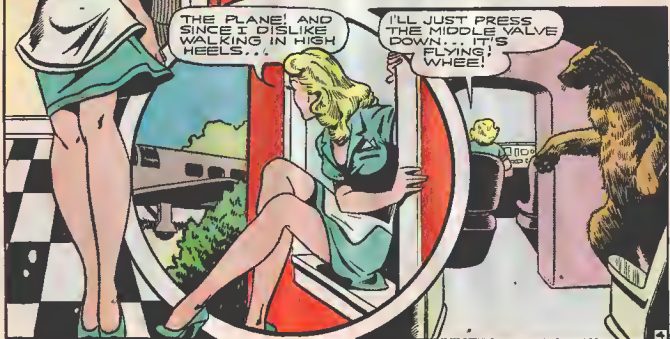
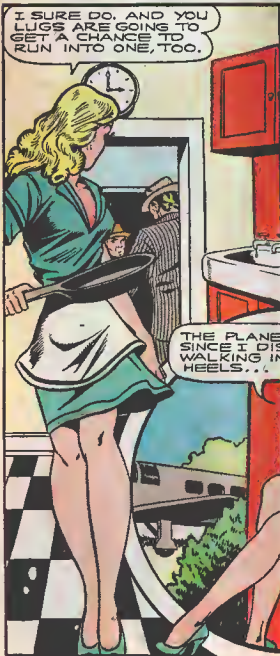


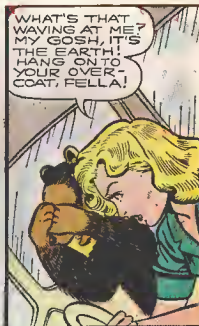
OPEN UP, PLEASE! I'M NOT SELLING ANYTHING, HONEST! I'VE ALREADY WORKED MY WAY THROUGH COLLEGE!



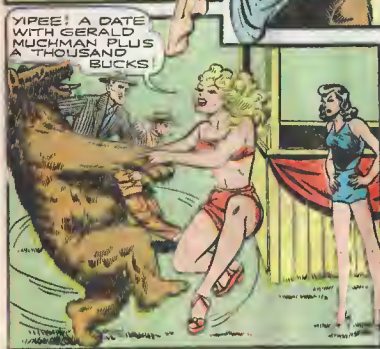
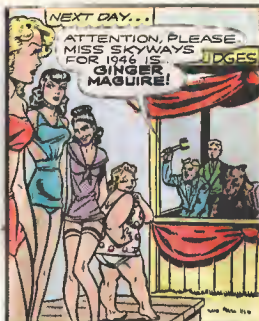
CONFOUND IT, DASHER, THE STRONG-ARM DEPARTMENT IS YOUR END, HERE, TAKE HER!

JUMBO COMICS





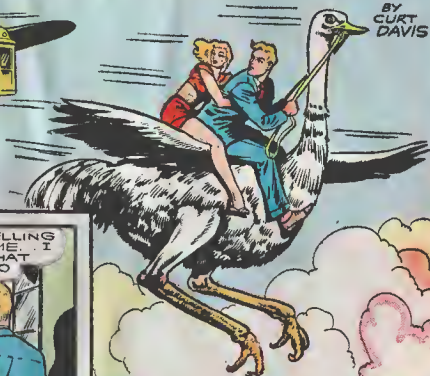
JUMBO COMICS



Stuart **TAYLOR** in WEIRD STORIES of the SUPERNATURAL



STU'S LAST TRIP INTO THE FUTURE RESULTED IN HIS RETURNING WITH A 1975 BELLE THREE'S A CROWD IN ANY GENERATION, SO ----



BY CURT DAVIS

STUART TAYLOR, I'M TELLING YOU FOR THE LAST TIME. I WANT YOU TO SEND THAT 1975 CREATURE BACK TO HER OWN ERA.



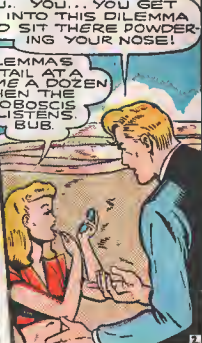
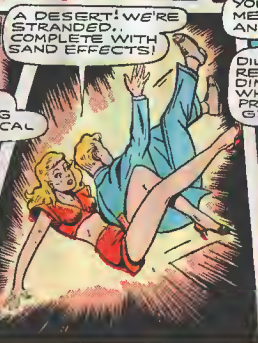
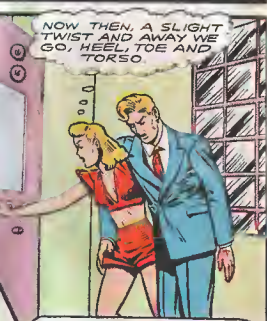
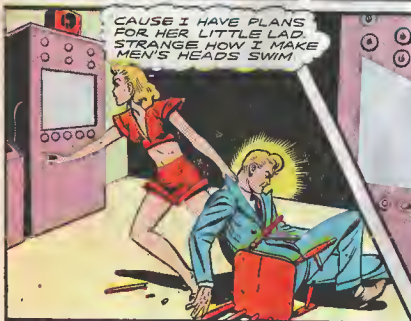
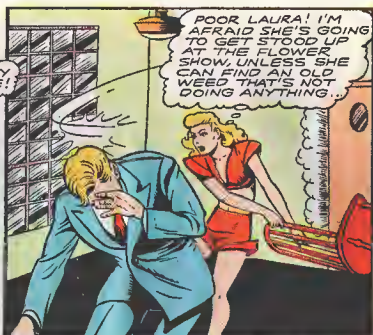
OKAY, OKAY, I'LL GET RID OF HER!

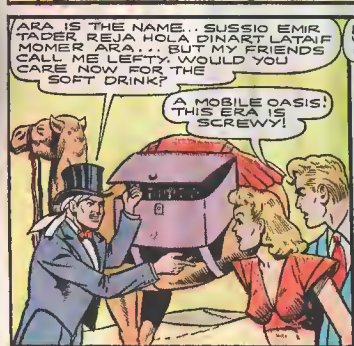
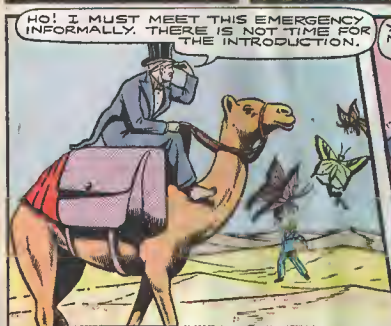
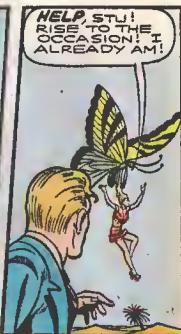
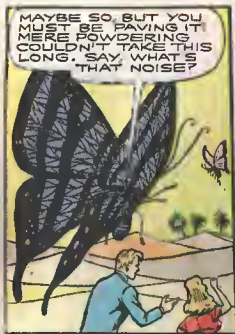
SO THAT'S THE WAY IT IS, EH?

WELL, MAYBE I AM GOING BACK HOME TO 1975, BUT I DON'T LIKE TO GO ANYWHERE WITHOUT AN ESCORT!

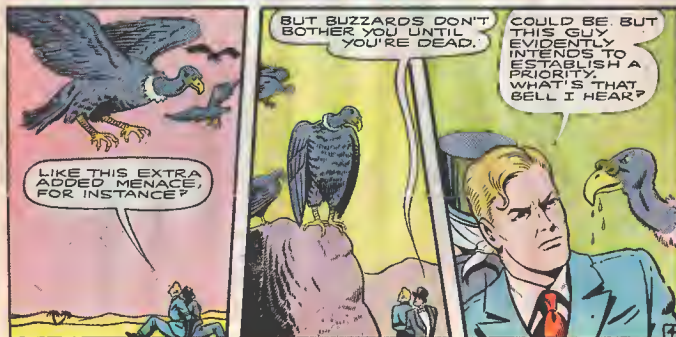
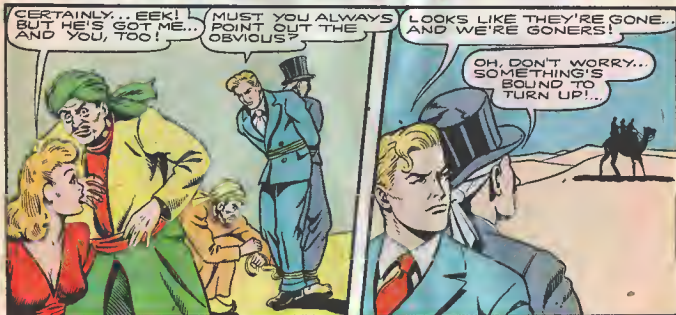


JUMBO COMICS





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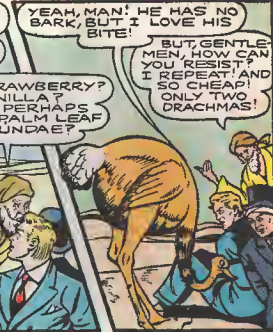
ICE CREAM, GENTLEMEN? A REALLY SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF FLAVORS.

HAH! SAVED! HE'LL GET US OUT OF THIS!



OR WILL HE? HE SEEMS DESERT DENSE... BUT THE OSTRICH SAVVYS!

STRAWBERRY? VANILLA? OR PERHAPS A PALM LEAF SUNDAE?



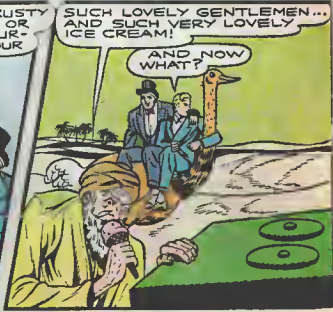
YEAH, MAN! HE HAS NO BARK, BUT I LOVE HIS BITE!

BUT, GENTLEMEN, HOW CAN YOU RESIST? I REPEAT! AND SO CHEAP! ONLY TWO DRACHMAS!



HOW DO YOU RENT YOUR TRUSTY FOWL, PALLY? BY THE DAY OR DECADE? HERE, BLOW YOURSELF TO SOME OF YOUR OWN PRODUCT

YOU DON'T WANT ICE CREAM?



SUCH LOVELY GENTLEMEN... AND SUCH VERY LOVELY ICE CREAM!

AND NOW WHAT?



BAGDAD! THOSE THUGS BELONG TO THE BAGDAD BAD BOYS WE MUST SAVE THE BEAUTIFUL LADY FROM A FATE FAR WORSE THAN NO NYLONS.

BAGDAD? BUT HOW?



THE SUBWAY CONNECTS DIRECTLY, BUT WE MUST HURRY!

OKE. BUT FIRST I GOTTA THANK HIM FOR PULLING US THROUGH... EVEN THOUGH IT WAS KINDA LEISURELY.

THE RUSH HOUR! MOST UNFORTUNATE! EVERYONE IS HUSTLING HOME TO ASIA, AFRICA AND THE OTHER SUBURBS.

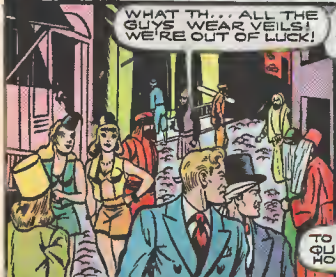
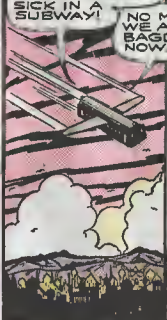
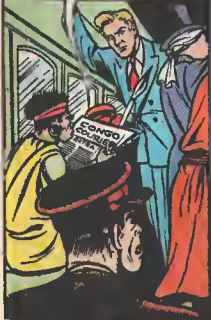
EXPRESS CAR! CHANGE AT BAGDAD FOR LONDON, MOSCOW, DAKAR, NORTH POLE AND ALL OTHER LOCAL STOPS!

FIRST TIME I EVER FELT AIR SICK IN A SUBWAY!

NO MATTER, WE APPROACH BAGDAD NOW.

HURRY, STU, THERE IS MUCH TO BE DONE!

JUST AS SOON AS HE TEACH THIS GUY TO STAND ON HIS OWN TWO FEET.

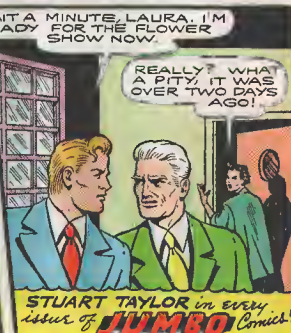
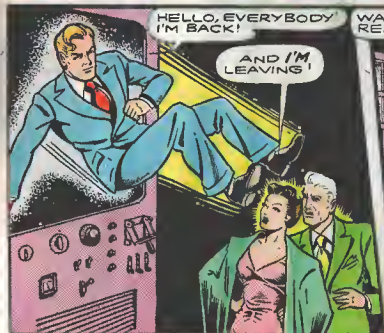
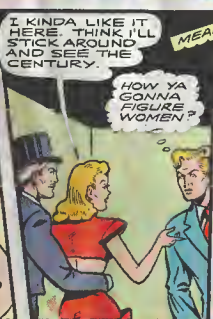
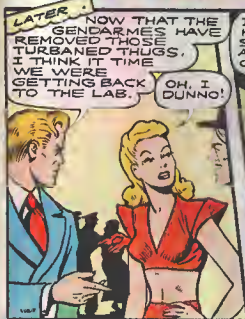
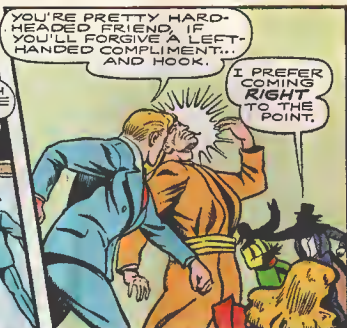


WHAT TH... ALL THE GUYS WEAR VEILS! WE'RE OUT OF LUCK!

WE MAY AS WELL FACE IT. WE CAN'T SEE THEIR FACES. WE'LL NEVER FIND THOSE GUYS.

TO PUT IT MILDLY, OUR QUEST IS ABSOLUTELY HOPELESS... HEY! THERE SHE IS!





THE GHOST GALLERY

BY DREW
MURDOCH



FOR NINETEEN YEARS AND TEN MONTHS, RED OAFFRON HAD KEPT HIS SLATE CLEAN. AND NOW, WITH BUT TWO SHORT MONTHS TO SERVE, HE SWORE THERE WAS NO POWER ON EARTH THAT COULD FORCE HIM TO SPOIL THAT RECORD. HE WAS WORKING IN THE PRISON LAUNDRY, MULLING OVER HIS IMPENDING FREEDOM, WHEN.

HEY, RED, SNAP OUT OF THE FOG. THIS IS FOR YOU.

FOR ME? AH, YOU'RE KIDDIN'.

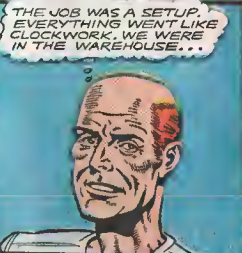
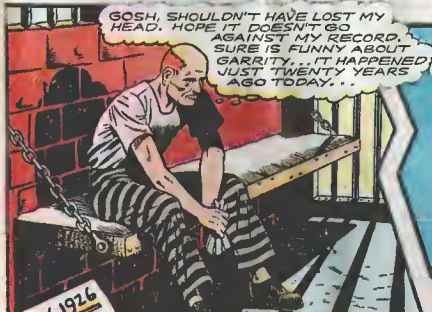
THIS MUST BE SOME-ONE'S IDEA OF A JOKE. I DON'T KNOW ANYONE WHO'D SEND ME A TELEGRAM. WELL, I'LL BITE.



TELEGRAM

RED OAFFRON,
STATE PRISON
TIMMY IN DANGER
I WILL DROP AROUND
TO TALK IT OVER
WITH YOU.

GARRITY.

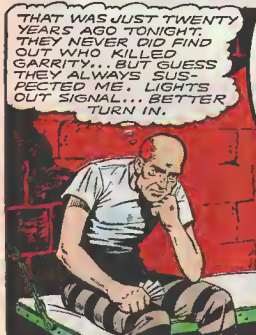
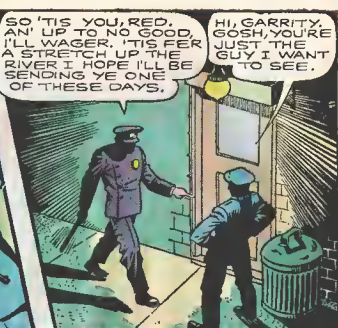


GOSH, RED, A COOL MILLION BUCKS WORTH OF FURS!

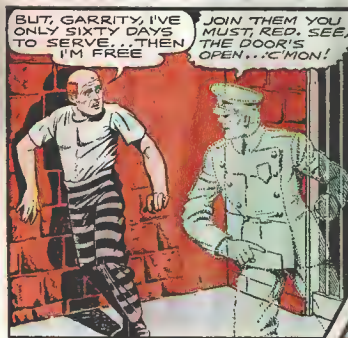
SURE, BUGS, KEEP PASSIN' 'EM DOWN. I'LL STAND LOOKOUT.

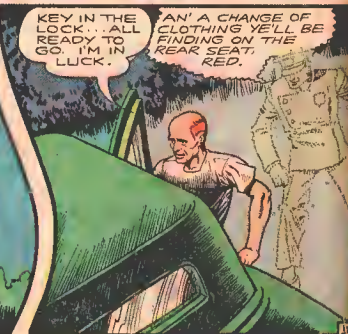
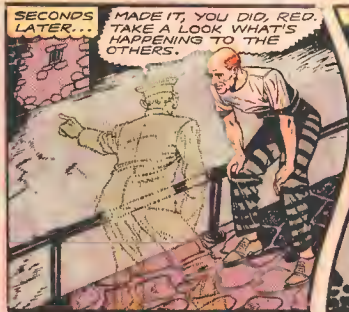
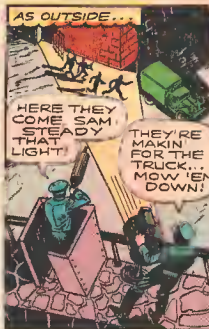
HOLD IT, GANG, SOMEONE'S COMIN' UP THE ALLEY.

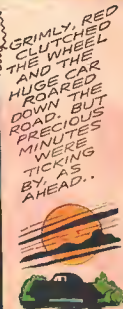
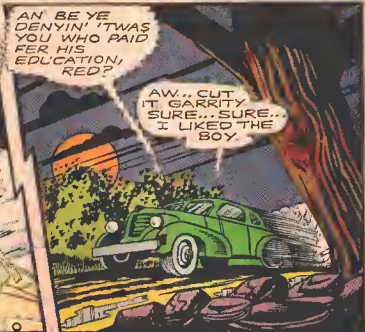
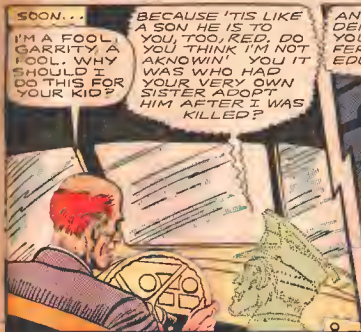


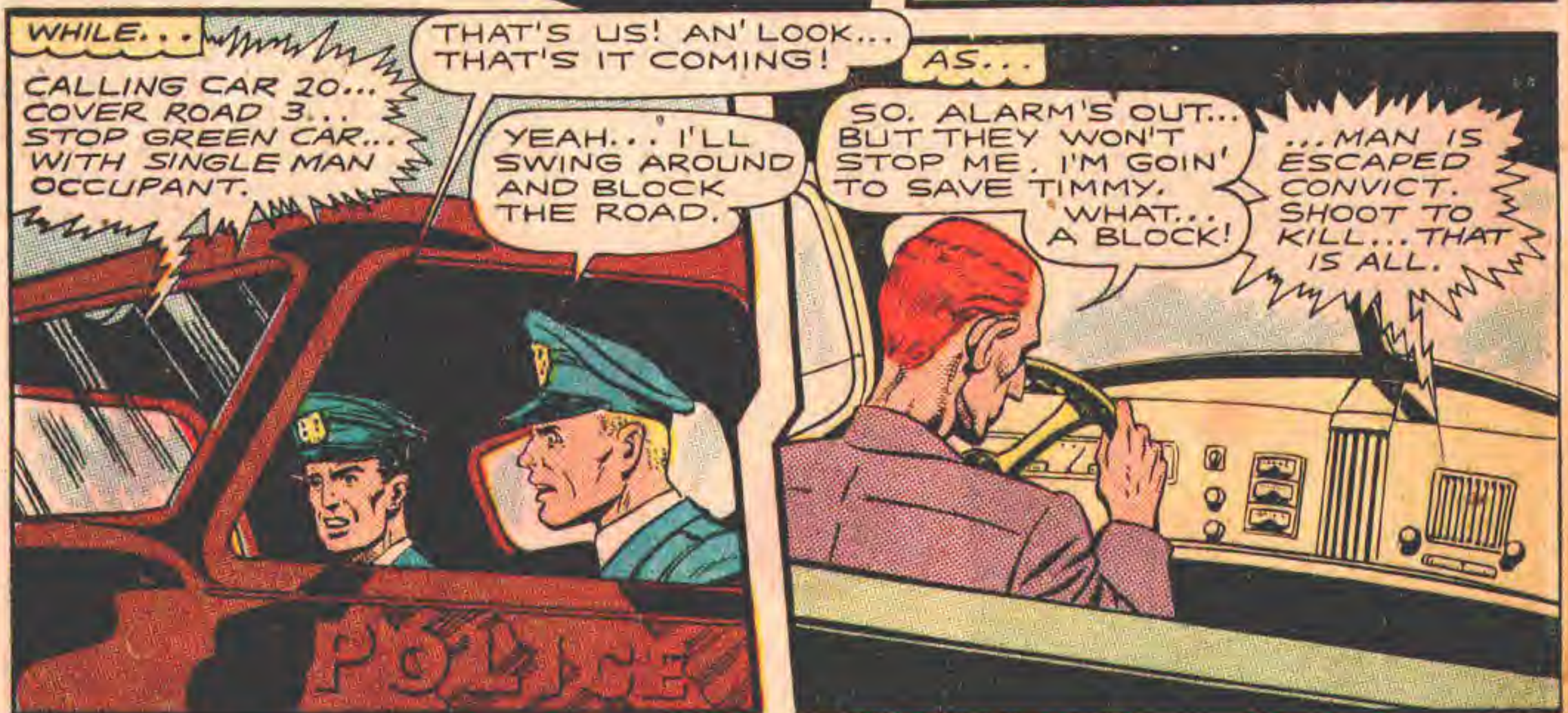


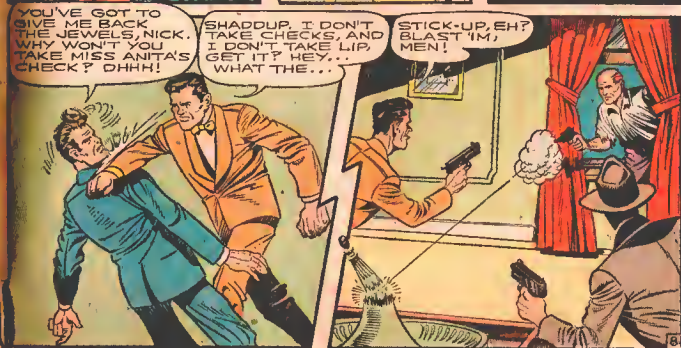
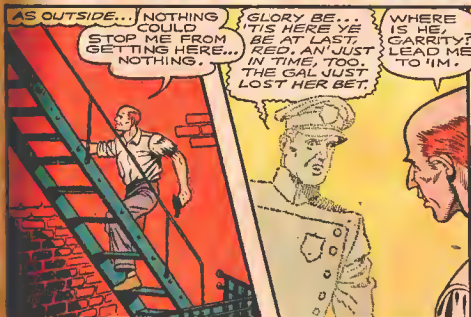
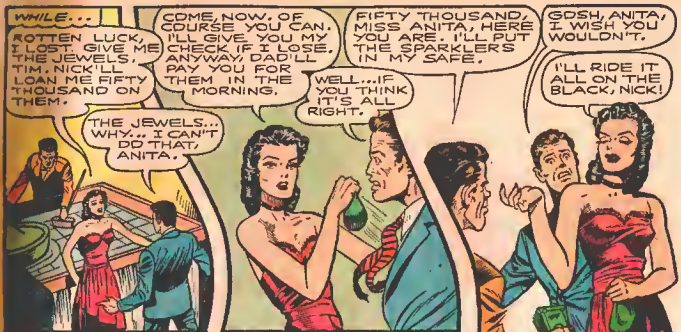
RESTLESSLY, RED TOSSED AND TURNED ON HIS BUNK. HE JUST COULDN'T STOP THINKING ABOUT THAT TELEGRAM AND GARRITY. BUT FINALLY, SLEEP CLAIMED HIM, AND...

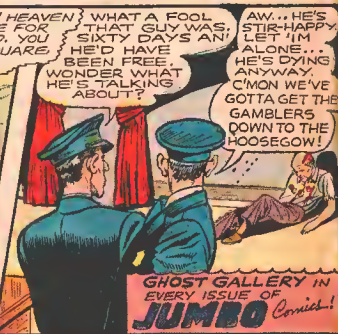
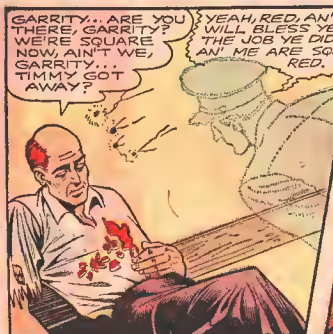












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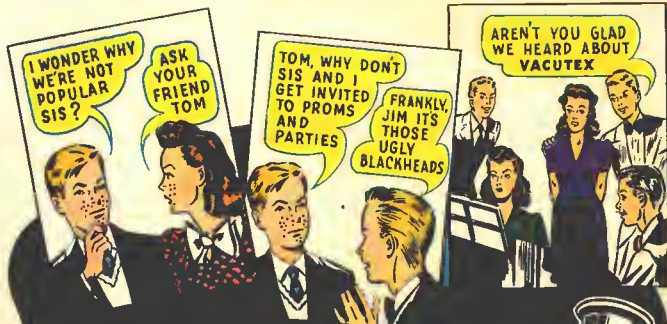
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10 DAY TRIAL OFFER

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